

When, Overwhelmed with Grief  
Isaac Watts, 1719.  
John Goss, 1872.

When, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To Heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head  
And make the covert of Thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defense,  
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear Thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.